

IF WE HAD THE TIME.

If I had the time to find a place
And sit me down full face to face
With my better self, that cannot show
In my daily life that rushes so;
It might be then I would see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining
goal.
I might be nerved by the thought sub-
lime—

If I had the time!

If I had the time to let my heart
Speak out and take in my life a part,
To look about and to stretch a hand
To a comrade quartered in no-luck land,
Ah, God! If I might but just sit still
And hear the note of the whippoorwill,
I think that my wish with God's would
rhyme—

If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you
How much for comfort my word could do;
And I told you then of my sudden will
To kiss your feet when I did you ill!
If the tears a-babed of the coldness feigned
Could flow, and the wrong be quite ex-
plained—
Brothers, the souls of us all would chime,
If we had the time!
—Richard Burton, in Boston Watchman.



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CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Herbert arose, took off his hat and coat, reseated himself and commenced a careful perusal of the will.

The instrument commenced very much as did all wills at that period, or as they do now, for that matter.

In the name of God, amen, I, John Loyd, being of sound body and mental health, yet realizing the uncertainty of life, do declare the foregoing writings to be my last will and testament.

Then followed several small bequests to some who had formerly been in the banker's service, remembrances to his slaves, directions as to his funeral and burial, and then the following clause:

"To my nephew, Herbert Lathrop, now in my employ, I give and bequeath the sum of five thousand dollars (\$5,000)."

Here was the first point where Herbert halted in his perusal of the will, but not for long did he halt.

"Five thousand dollars. That will never do, my uncle. You will kindly permit me to make it \$50,000," which he proceeded to do by adding one more cipher after the five and the other three, changing the v to f, running the e up and crossing it for a t, and adding a y, thus making the clause in the will read:

"To my nephew, Herbert Lathrop, I give and bequeath, the sum of fifty thousand dollars (\$50,000)."

"That will leave me in rather better shape, uncle. Let's see. That, I suppose, would be called doctoring a will, but what says the next clause?"

"All the residue of my estate, both real and personal, monies, stocks and bonds, lands and slaves, I give and bequeath to my daughter, Fannie Loyd, to have and to hold forever, and I hereby instruct my administrator to withdraw my funds from the banking business, should I not have done so prior to my death, and to invest the same in real estate, stocks and bonds, for my daughter's benefit; she at all times to be consulted, and I further instruct my said administrator to place my daughter in full possession of my aforesaid estate on her 18th birthday, and in case she may have passed that age, before my demise within six months from the date of my death, and I do hereby appoint my tried and true friend, — as administrator of my estate; he to act conjointly with my daughter, and I direct (having implicit confidence in his integrity and ability) that no bond be required for the faithful execution of this trust.

"In witness whereof I have hereto set my hand and seal, in this the town of Wilmington, state of North Carolina, this twenty-ninth (29th) day of October, Eighteen twenty-nine (1829)."

"Witnesses: (Seal) JOHN LOYD.
"James D. Strange,
"Robert L. Bligh."

"Oh, ho! my uncle. This is well, indeed. Who should be that tried and true friend, but the cashier of your bank—Herbert Lathrop, your affectionate nephew? But let us see, these witnesses, James D. Strange and Robert L. Bligh. I remember hearing my uncle say that Col. Strange replied to his request:

"Do not insert my name in the will, John, until I return from Europe; people, you know are sometimes lost at sea."

"So that accounts for the name not being filled in."

"Strange and Bligh both took passage on the Media some two months later than this will is dated."

"Their signatures are there—indisputably there."

"The Media is rocking to and fro somewhere between the surface and the bottom of the deep blue sea—she never reached port."

"The witnesses' on uncle's will were lost at sea."

"Why, trouble and danger disappear before me as dew before the sun."

"I hereby appoint my tried and true friend, Herbert Lathrop, as administrator of my estate, to act conjointly with my daughter, and I direct (having implicit confidence in his integrity and ability) that no bond be required."

"The will is now complete."

"The name filled in is that of Herbert Lathrop."

"Now, Uncle John, your time is short, indeed."

Herbert carefully replaced the will in the envelope and placed all the papers back in the box as he had found them, then returned it to the vault, put on his hat and coat and unlocked the bank. He opened the door, passed out, closed and locked it and started up Market street, but stopped in a saloon and downed a bumper of brandy; then lighted a cigar and meandered on as though he were going to quiet slumbers.

Meanwhile Angus Bruce had reached the dock. The knowledge that he was loved by Clara Hill had almost made him happy, notwithstanding the fact that she expected to change her name to Loyd within 24 hours. He knew John Loyd well—in fact, Loyd was his banker—and he had fully determined to talk to him plainly and at once, believing that if he knew that Clara wed him only at her father's bequest and while another held possession of her

heart that he himself would decline the union.

He argued that Clara not loving the banker, he would thus save her from a life of unhappiness, and perhaps the banker also, and in time perhaps even he, the pilot's son, might call Clara Hill wife.

With these thoughts in his brain he hastened ashore and in the direction of the Loyd mansion. Just as he turned the corner within one block of the house he encountered Herbert Lathrop.

"What! Captain Bruce? It gives me pleasure to see you; you are going to my uncle's?"

"I was, Mr. Lathrop, but it is rather late for calls. I am the bearer of a letter from Miss Hill to the banker's daughter; perhaps it is best that you deliver it, though I promised to do so in person, and besides there is a business matter on which I wish to see Mr. Loyd."

"By all means come—do not be recreant to your duty, for you can see them both, and if you do not see them to-night, you will probably never see Miss Loyd again, as she will to-morrow night become Mrs. Clarence Hill; while my uncle at the same time will be wedded to Miss Clara, and after that I do not think you will see him soon. They will probably be absent for six months on a wedding trip."

So Angus accompanied Herbert to the house; he unlocked the front door, and they entered the hall.

CHAPTER VIII.

"MY GOD, IT'S MURDER!"

Herbert took Angus Bruce by the arm and conducted him to the library, where he lighted a lamp. He then knocked on his uncle's door.

"Uncle John! Captain Bruce is here, and desires to see you."

"Why, it was hardly necessary to arouse him to-night; to-morrow would have answered," said Angus.

"Well, nephew, I have retired, but let Angus enter the room, if he would see me."

"Now walk in and see my uncle, captain, and in the meantime I will notify my cousin that you are below, and wish to see her."

"She probably has retired," said Angus, who could not understand how it was that Herbert Lathrop was so ready to arouse both his uncle and cousin at that time of night, to see him on matters that he had no reason to think important. "If she has," he continued, "do not awake her, you can deliver this letter."

"Oh, no danger of her having retired," said Herbert, "and this the last night of her single life," and he hastened out of the library, closed the door, and hastily ascended the stairs.

He entered his room, lighted a lamp, then pulled off his gaiters and put on a pair of light slippers, next took off his coat, and unbuttoned his shirt sleeves at the cuffs, rolled them well up, then put on a light dressing-gown, hastily proceeded to the upper end of the hall, and tapped on Fannie's door.

"Fannie! Fannie! have you retired?"

"Yes, Herbert, but am I wanted?"

"Angus Bruce is in the library and wishes to see you. He has a message from Clara Hill."

"Tell Angus I will hasten down," was Fannie's reply.

Herbert hastened to his room, unlocked and opened his trunk and withdrew therefrom the sheath-knife. He looked in the glass.

"I am very pale," he said, "but do not tremble; there is no time to falter now; too much is at stake—a swig of this brandy will help me—there, now, I feel a man."

He walked out of his room, but left the door ajar.

Stealthily down the stairway he stole, and to the outer door of his uncle's bathroom.

He did not see the figure of Aunt Mag hugging the side of the entry as he brushed by her, yet he had not more than entered the bathroom door than she was right behind him.

The door he opened noiselessly and left open, so that nothing should impede his egress.

The door from the bathroom into his uncle's room was open. There was no light in the room, but the oil lamp standing on the table in the library lighted it dimly.

Herbert could see his uncle sitting on the side of the bed in his long night-robe and Angus Bruce standing with his back to the bathroom door and almost in front of him. His uncle, were it not for the darkness of the bathroom and the fact that the position of Bruce would have obstructed his vision, must surely have discerned him.

"So you tell me, Angus," were the first words that struck Herbert's ear, "that Clara Hill would wed me because it is her father's desire, and that she has told you that you have her heart? I would not have believed that of Clara, and if she tells me so to-morrow I will return from Orton a single man."

"It is well you are here, Angus Bruce," thought Herbert, and in a moment more he was standing right behind him, with the handle of the sheath-knife firmly clutched in his right hand.

"You see, Angus—but!" as his eye caught sight of Herbert's pale face, and the wild look of his eye startled him.

He got no further than the word "but!" in what he was about to exclaim, for underneath the very arm of Bruce leaped forth the sheath knife, and the hand of Herbert guided it—home—straight home—to the shaft of bone. It sank, piercing the banker's heart, and ere the startled Angus realized what had been done, John Loyd had fallen backwards on the bed, the knife blade still in his bosom and the handle standing erect.

At this instant a piercing scream emanated from the bathroom door, and Angus whirled in time to catch sight of a figure passing through the door. He sprang towards it, but the door closed to with a snap. It opened into the bedroom, and could not be forced from that side.

He heard rapid words on the other side, and the voice of Herbert.

He rushed back to the bedside,

grasped the knife's handle and drew it forth. The life blood of the banker followed it, spurring up and dyeing the hand of Angus, coat and sleeve, yes, even to the bosom of his shirt.

The scream that emanated from the bathroom door was uttered by Aunt Mag when she saw Herbert Lathrop strike the fatal blow. She stood there, speechless, as he rushed from the scene of his crime. As he swung the door to, almost in the face of Bruce, he seized her by the throat.

"What, you too, and dogging me? Then—but no, a nigger's oath don't go in court against a white, and remember, now, a word, a lisp, and I'll have your life."

"Remember, Angus Bruce was the murderer of your master. You may have an easy life your days out, but remember, I was in my room when your master died."

Herbert relaxed his hold of the throat of the now speechless nigger and flew up the stairs and into his room. He divested himself of his dressing gown and gulped down a horn of brandy.

"So far, so good," he exclaimed.

He heard his cousin's room door open and at the same time a cry from Angus.

"Murder! My God! it's murder!"

He rushed as in alarm, and joined Fannie on the stairs. Together they entered the library and saw Angus Bruce turning from the bedside toward them. The sheath knife was still clasped in his hand, its blade dripping with blood and the hand that held it dyed.

Fannie fainted and fell to the floor.

"Murderer!" said Herbert, as his eyes looked in at the bedroom door; "you have slain my uncle because he would have wed Miss Hill. Assassin!"

"You are the assassin here," exclaimed Angus; "foul murderer of your uncle! It is well planned, but there was a witness; I heard a scream."

"Angus Bruce, you have lived long enough to know that a nigger's oath don't go in southern courts against a white man's; now I will go for the officers to arrest you, for I am afraid of you with that knife in your hand. If you escape ere I return I can't avoid it."

"Murderer! liar! hound!" exclaimed Angus, as he rushed towards him, but it was too late; Herbert was out of the



A sheath knife clutched firmly in his right hand.

room, and he heard the front door slam, as he rushed bare-headed and in his shirt sleeves from the house.

Angus raised Fannie and laid her on a sofa. As he did so, Aunt Mag staggered into the room.

"Fly! fly! Angus Bruce, not a minute to spare! You'll hang, you'll hang, sure, and for a murderer you don't commit."

I saw the blow struck; it was Herbert's hand that grasped the handle of the knife. Drop it! drop it there! and fly. A nigger's oath won't save you; nothing will help you; Herbert Lathrop has you in his power."

"Great God!" said Angus, "I must fly, at least for a time. Promise will you tell Miss Loyd and Miss Hill the truth?"

"My life is now at stake, Angus Bruce, or if I'm sold, it will be worse for you; I'll promise that I'll stick to Herbert Lathrop through thick and thin, and your name shall be cleared. Now go, and stop not, till you're a thousand miles away."

Angus without a word followed her to a rear door and left the house.

Once in the street, he hastened to the Clara Belle.

He had arrived in port at so late an hour that the streets were almost deserted, and entirely so along the river front.

He had met no one (aside from Herbert) in going to the banker's residence, nor had he seen anyone save the inmates of the Loyd mansion.

Arrived at the schooner, he hurriedly called up Calvin Stewart, the mate, and together they entered the cabin, where we will leave them and return to the scene of the murder.

CHAPTER IX.

"HER TESTIMONY WOULD NOT HOLD GOOD IN LAW."

When Herbert Lathrop had said that he was afraid of Angus, as he stood there with the bloody knife in his hand, he had not lied, for now that the captain was beginning to realize the situation a wicked gleam had come into his eyes, and Herbert escaped from his presence none too soon. But he made no immediate outcry; nor did he hasten with the speed with which he flew through the hall, to arouse either neighbors or officers of the law, but anticipating that Angus would either attempt to follow him or perhaps realize that everything was against him, and fly (which he, Herbert, desired, when he said: "If you escape ere I return, I can't help it,") he had walked toward the rear of the house, thinking that if he did seek escape, it would be in that direction, and he soon had the satisfaction of seeing the door open, and Angus and Aunt Mag appear in the doorway.

"Fly, Angus Bruce!" said Aunt Mag, "nothing but your speed will save you."

Then he had seen Angus dash down the steps and disappear in the darkness. Even then Herbert stood there, lean-

ing against the side of the house for some moments collecting his thoughts.

"Now," he thought, "if Bruce have sense enough and good fortune enough to get beyond the reach of apprehension, so much the better for him, for he will save his life, and far better for me, for there will be no one to dispute my evidence—yes, and his flight will make it appear doubly certain that he murdered my uncle; the case will admit of not a single doubt."

"Why, Fannie saw him turning from the bedside with the bloody sheath-knife in his hand; her evidence and mine will forever place a bar against the return of Angus Bruce to the coast of Carolina."

"Aunt Mag, unfortunately, saw me strike the blow, but terror will hold her tongue fast; if not, her evidence will not be taken. She might talk, but if she does there's a sure way to silence her."

"I might sell her; but no, I will keep Mag always near me, where I can watch her."

"God or the devil speed you, Angus Bruce, say I; but go not near the Clara Belle, for that will be the first point the officers will search for you. Now, if you—"

At this instant a piercing scream was heard from within the house; Fannie had revived.

Herbert ran out the front gate, and down Market street, and on the air as he ran resounded the startling cry of "murder! murder!"

Sleepers awoke, rushed to their windows, and threw aside their blinds, to see a coatless, hatless figure speeding by, and hear again the receding cry:

"Murder! Murder!"

Herbert halted not till at the door of Sheriff Cobb, and lustily he sounded the knocker.

"Murder! Murder!"

The sheriff soon responded, and, calling up the coroner and Dr. Davis, they hastened to the Loyd mansion, many who had been aroused by Herbert's cries joining them on the street.

At the house they found Fannie wild with grief.

Back on the bed as he had fallen lay the body of the banker. His night robe and the bed as well were stained with blood, his eyes were staring, wide open, as if in horror.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAGNER AS A HERO.

A Selfish Voluptuary, Neglectful Husband and Disagreeable Friend.

Never was there a sorrier hero than Wagner, the selfish voluptuary who was content to gratify his luxurious tastes at the expense of his friends, but was too independent to feel grateful for their sacrifices; whose self-indulgence was so much of a disease that he smoked in order not to miss a sensation which others enjoyed and was capable of driving his host into the streets in the small hours of the morning to replenish his snuff box, and of whom his most ardent champion, the late Ferdinand Praeger, has to confess that, while he was ready enough to enter into a quarrel, he "always moved away when it looked like coming to blows."

Wagner's callous neglect of his first wife, who had been his slave through years of penury qualified by prodigality, provoked the remonstrances of his friends and forced Mr. Praeger to say: "I can testify that Wagner suffered severely from thoughtlessness." No shabbier letter was ever penned than the one he wrote to Mr. Praeger when he found that the long-suffering woman had confided her troubles to their common friend.

"How could she have expected," he plaintively asks, "that I was to be shackled and fettered as any ordinary, common, cold mortal? My inspirations carried me into a sphere where she could not follow and then the exuberance of my heated enthusiasm was met by cold douche."

The familiar plea that there should be one law for genius and another for the "common mortal" is not intolerable when urged by the apologetic hero-worshiper; from the hero himself it comes with but ill grace. "I liked every luxury; she fettered me there," he bleats of the woman who had striven so hard to save him from the ruin threatened by his colossal extravagance.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Restraining Luxury.

It was in the reign of Edward III, that a law was passed to restrain luxury. The prelates and nobility were thereby confined to two courses at every meal, and to two kinds of food at every course, except at great festivals. The law also forbade the laboring classes to wear their dresses embroidered in gold and silver, and to encourage the manufacture of English cloth, the use of foreign cloth was confined to the royal family alone.—Chicago Chronicle.

Not in Any Dictionary.

Stein (blowing off the foam)—I wonder why these things are called schooners?

Brewer (shoving his empty glass toward the barkeeper)—Oh, I suppose it's because of their being sort of fore-and-afts.

"Fore and afts?"

"Yes; before you get through drinking one you have a hankering after another, see?"—Boston Courier.

Has Been Very Moderate.

"I should fine you for contempt," said the judge as he glared at the lawyer who had aroused his ire.

"With all due respect to your honor," responded the attorney, "I think that you should not. I have been particularly careful not to express my true feelings toward the court."—Detroit Free Press.

Great Scheme.

Lower—I notice you have put an orchestra in your restaurant. Did you do it on the theory that music aids digestion?

Mr. Eatonhouse—No; the music sets the boarders' teeth on edge, and they bite the toughest steak with the greatest ease.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PLACE HUNTING

Is On to Real Earnest at the White House—Many of the Ex-Members of Congress Are After Positions.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—Place hunting began in real earnest at the white house Monday. In a few urgent cases only did the president discuss appointments, as Senators Proctor of Vermont, Allison of Iowa, Wolcott of Colorado, Spooner of Wisconsin, Platt of Connecticut, Chandler of New Hampshire, Mason of Illinois, Cullom of Illinois, were among the early callers, while from the ranks of the lower house came Messrs. Cannon and Hitt of Illinois, Grosvenor of Ohio, Bromwell of Ohio, Joy of Missouri, Hull of Iowa, Dooliver of Iowa and Taylor of Ohio, the representative of Maj. McKinley's district.

Ex-Congressman Guenther of Wisconsin, was among a long line of other "exs." Mr. Guenther wants to be consul general to Mexico. C. H. Conger who was a member of congress from Iowa and later minister to Brazil, put in an application for his former diplomatic post.

Gen. W. W. Thomas, of Portland, Me., was twice the diplomatic representative of the United States at Stockholm and is said to have been assured that he will be sent back to Sweden.

Col. John Hay was an early caller, but the president was engaged and the reputed ambassador to England concluded to wait.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—The senate assembled at noon, and as soon as Friday's journal was read a message in writing from the president of the United States was presented by Mr. Pruden, one of his secretaries. The senate then proceeded to the consideration of executive business. At 1 p. m. the senate adjourned until Wednesday.

During the executive session of the senate Monday afternoon Senator Davis moved to refer the general treaty of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain, which is now on the table, back to the committee on foreign relations, together with the pending amendments. This action was taken without opposition, although there was some immaterial discussion as to the method of getting the convention there.

Ex-Secretary Carlisle has made no definite plans for the future. He will remain in Washington for some time yet.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—Every sign indicates that within 30 days Cleveland's Cuban policy will be completely reversed by McKinley. The Spanish minister here has already reported to his government that Consul General Lee will be backed to the fullest extent, and that unless Cuba is to be lost forever, American citizens must be protected at all hazards.

It is known that Spanish emissaries have for months endeavored to commit Maj. McKinley to a policy of absolute nonintervention, and have failed completely.

Secretary Sherman believes in recognizing Cubans as belligerents. President McKinley is naturally anxious to have congress get to work on the tariff bill, and he can best accomplish that by granting belligerent rights to the Cuban patriots.

A reliable authority, and one close to McKinley, said Monday morning: "President McKinley is better acquainted with the sentiment in the United States than almost anybody else in the nation, and he is determined to give Cuba belligerent rights within thirty days."

WASHINGTON, March 9.—Cornelius N. Bliss of New York, recently made secretary of the interior, resigned as treasurer of the national republican committee Monday and W. L. Cannon, of New York, was elected to fill the vacancy.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—Rr. Adm. John G. Walker, who will reach the retiring age on the 30th of March, is spoken of for the position of assistant secretary of the navy. Mr. McAdoo, in the meantime, has been requested to continue to act until his successor qualifies, and he has consented to do so.

Throw Himself Under a Train.

READING, Pa., March 9.—Miss Isabella Fulton, of Decatur, Ill., committed suicide here Monday by throwing herself in front of a freight engine and being run over. She was a teacher in the Chicago public schools and came here a week ago on a visit to her sister, one of the faculty of the Girls' high school. No cause is assigned for the act except that she had been suffering from nervous trouble.

Cleveland's Party Heard From.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., March 9.—A letter was received here Monday morning by a prominent citizen from E. C. Benedict, saying that ex-President Cleveland with Capt. Lamberton and Dr. Wood are now at Portsmouth, Va. The party will leave there either Tuesday or Wednesday on board Mr. Benedict's yacht Oneida and after a visit to Jacksonville will proceed into the Gulf of Mexico.

Greeks Fire on a German Vessel.

NEW YORK, March 9.—A special to the Herald from Constantinople says: According to a telegraphic communication received here from Crete a rumor is current there that the German ironclad Kaiserin Augusta, after having fired a blank shot as a signal to the Greek ironclad Hydra to discontinue her course received a full broadside from the Hydra.

Anti-Trust Measure Passed.

GUTHRIE, O. T., March 9.—The legislature Monday night passed a drastic anti-trust measure with heavy penalties; an educational qualification law and a law preventing the incoming republican governor from removing democratic appointive officers unless by charges proved in court.

Prince Bismarck Is Ill.

LONDON, March 9.—A dispatch to the Daily Mail from Berlin says that Prince Bismarck is suffering from neuralgia and that the attack is so serious that he is unable either to sleep or to talk.

FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS

Second Session.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—SENATE.—The formal proceedings of the senate continued through the morning. A further disagreement on the deficiency bill was reported, and it was ordered back to conference.

At 10 o'clock the venerable Senator Morrill, of Vermont, offered resolutions expressing the appreciation of the senate for the able and impartial discharge of the duties of presiding officer by Mr. Stevenson. There was unanimous and hearty agreement to the resolutions. At 10:30 the formal proceedings were fast nearing an end, and on motion of Mr. Hoar the usual resolution was adopted for a committee of two senators to wait on President Cleveland and inform him that the senate had concluded its labors and was ready to adjourn.

Senators Hoar and Price were appointed as the committee. Mr. Hoar announced that the committee of congress had waited on the president and that he had asked them to convey his congratulations on the close of their labors. On motion of Mr. Cockerill it was agreed that the daily session shall begin at 12:15 thereupon, at